

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY DANIEL K. WHITAKER, NEW-BEDFORD.

VOL. I.

TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1823.

No. 49.

POETRY.

Extract From a Dramatic Manuscript.

BY SELLECK OSBORN.

I MET, as near the forest skirts I stray'd,
A remnant of a man; wooing the gloom
Of twilight shade, congenial to his soul.
He threw askance a look of wild reproach,
That seem'd to say, "avaunt! unkind intruder,
These haunts are consecrated to DESPAIR!"
Then turning, sought the bosom of the wood.
I followed him, aloof; and oft observ'd
His comely, though emaciated form,
Alternate, gliding 'neath the hemlock boughs,
Or slowly climbing o'er the craggy steep.
At length, beneath a huge and shelving rock
He sat him down; its high projecting brow
A hemlock met, whose thick entangled limbs
Flung o'er the ground beneath a sombre shade—
And near the root, in subterraneous course,
A grumbling streamlet flow'd, whose hollow sound
Rose through the cranies of the broken earth—
"Fit temple of despair!" he said, and then
With eyes that gleam'd a sullen satisfaction,
He viewed the gloomy scene. "Here haggard
fiend,
Thou sitst, enthroned, in ghastly majesty—
Here will I raise an altar, and thereon
Lay these weak limbs, a wretched sacrifice!"
Then from his bosom he a phial drew,
And view'd it with a grim hysteric smile—
"Oh! precious draught!" he said,—"thou art to
me,
"Like a cool fountain to a thirsty pilgrim—
"Thy cordial pow'r shall lull the rankling pain
"That wrings my tortur'd heart!" Then to his lips
He rais'd, with eager hand, the deadly potion.
"Hold! wretched man!" I cry'd, and rushing forth
Seiz'd his rash hand—while with a ghastly stare,
He ey'd me, as an evil genius, sent
To cross the fondest purpose of his soul.
His cheeks were lean and haggard, and he seem'd
A wreck of man, a monument of woe!
(I saw him once, in happier days, when joy
Beam'd in each feature, and the admiring world
Deny'd him not the early wreath of fame—
But, in a sanguine moment of his youth,
Fell Dissipation led his steps astray—
Then did no friend, with mild solicitude,
Reach out a gentle hand, to stay his course,
Or to restore him to the path of virtue—
Then, lorn and destitute, he keenly felt
The scorn of an uncharitable world—
Whose cool reproach, and frown contemptuous,
weigh'd
His spirit down, and drove him to despair!)
I press'd his hand, and with a tender smile
Proffer'd my service—and, while yet I spoke,
I saw a tear roll down his faded cheek,
Which was a stranger there—for scorching grief
Had dry'd, long since, the moisture of his eyes.
And then methought I saw a gleam of hope,
Borne in a languid smile, which seem'd
Like the returning of the vernal sun
Which comes to chase the wintry cloud away,
And bid reviving nature bloom again!
* * * * *
And now, with health and happiness elate,
He lives, to virtue and to friendship true—

Of with the grateful music of his thanks,
He serenades my ear—and blesses oft
The guardian pow'r that led my curious steps
To the intended scene of self destruction.
Now do I feel more pride, in having thus
Restor'd a youth, from misery and vice
To virtue's path—his sorrows sooth'd, and pour'd
The balm of friendship on his wounded heart—
Pluck'd from his breast the cancer of despair,
And planted hope's delightful promise there,
Than I should feel to rule the state alone,
Or wade, through bleeding millions, to a throne!

Christian Philanthropist.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

REVIEW OF A SERMON.

On the Religious Opinions of the Present Day, delivered to the Church and Congregation on Jamaica Plain, ROXBURY. BY THOMAS GRAY, A. M. THEIR PASTOR. SECOND EDITION. BOSTON. Reprinted by R. M. Peck.

This discourse is a highly useful one, not only to the theological student, but also to private families, by concentrating, in a narrow compass, most of the important speculative differences that have hitherto agitated the christian world; serving as a sort of text-book to the former, and calculated to satisfy the doubts which are constantly suggested by the honest curiosity of the latter. Much is said now about the controversial spirit of the present age. There appear to be several classes of men who are interested in keeping the world in the dark, and are ever ready to sound the alarm upon the approach of light. They would fain prevent the spread even of Christianity, except among the elect of their own party, or those whom they expect to bring over to it. If an attempt is made to defend the fundamental principles of the Christian Religion, it is immediately branded with the name of controversy. If the various religious opinions which prevail, are calmly stated and explained, for the benefit of serious inquirers, the act is denounced, at once, by these peaceful speculators, as denoting symptoms of hostility, and the people are warned to be upon their guard, and not to yield up their religious rights to wolves who comes in sheep's clothing. If you unravel the theories they espouse, and consider essential to the salvation of their souls, bringing them to the test of sound reason and rational investigation, they instantly fly into a passion, backbite, and call hard names, shewing that the pacific, tranquillity in which they repose with so much security, is nothing more than a vestment they put on or throw off in order to answer their own ends. In proof of this, I need only refer you to the daring anathemas of Dr. Miller, of Princeton, who denounces unitarians as infidels, deists, apostates, &c. and of Dr. Mason, late of New-York, who recently declared from the pulpit, that the liberal Christians of that city were the antichrist that was to come.

No person, however, need object to this discourse on account of its leaning to any particular dogmas or system of belief. It is perfectly impartial, and its merit consists chiefly in its utility and the clearness and brevity, and at the same time, the comprehensiveness of its statements. In the midst of many speculative differences, it breathes

a spirit of charity and benevolence towards all men of different persuasions, evincing the purity of the heart whence it originated. It states the opinions of the various denominations of Christians, prevalent among us, in their own language, borrowed from the works of "their wisest and ablest writers—information being the only object he wishes or means to convey."

He divides Christians into the following classes:—

"The prominent sects and parties in religion, as now prevalent among us, may be reduced in general terms, to Calvinists and Trinitarians, and to Arminians and Unitarians. Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Universalists and Swedenborgians, are only sub-divisions, with some shades of difference, from these two great leading parties."

He in the first place, gives a short account of the founders of these religious denominations or parties; and then proceeds to consider, in a brief and concise manner, the peculiar tenets embraced by them.

"Calvin," says he, "was estimated as a man of genius, of learning, of eloquence, and perseverance—possessing a mind strongly bent upon his purpose, and a fortitude and perseverance, that subdued all obstacles to its attainment. His piety, though unhappily mistaken and perverted, was, nevertheless, undoubtedly sincere. But his disposition was, by nature, stern, hard, and unrelenting. And though he had just renounced that Church, where freedom of speech and inquiry were denied, and where persecution was the price they cost, he was, notwithstanding, the first Protestant, who kindled its fires anew. In fact, he was a man of strong feelings, and invincible in his prejudices. And in the same proportion as any one differed from him in his views of Christianity, he considered him as differing from the most essential truths of the Gospel, and that power and chastisement were the most successful weapons to cure his heresy, and bring the wanderer back to God."

After explaining what are called the five points of Calvinism, *total depravity by nature, unconditional election, atonement for the elect, special grace, and the final perseverance of the saints*, he speaks particularly of the doctrine of the Trinity.

"The Calvinists are all Trinitarians, but not exclusively so."

"The doctrine of the Trinity has excited much attention and dispute in the different ages of the Church. Within a few years it has been considerably discussed in our own country and neighbourhood, and warm controversies have ensued."

"A belief in the Father, in the Son, and the Holy Ghost, is common to all Christians; and if that were Trinitarianism, there would be no dissent from it. That God is our eternal Father and Creator; that Jesus Christ is our Saviour and Redeemer, through whom we hope for eternal life; and that the Holy Ghost is our sanctifier, is believed by all christians, of every name or sect—by Unitarians of every grade; and in this faith they baptize, like Trinitarians, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. But the doctrine of the Trinity: If it were, all would be Trinitarians."

"The word *'trinity'* was unknown till the middle of the second century, 150 years after the birth of Christ, when it was introduced by Theophilus of Antioch, a writer of some celebrity. From him may be dated the origin of the sect of *Trinitarians*. The ancient views of their doctrine, all claiming to be orthodox, and differing essentially from each other, are numerous. The modern views of it, claiming the same character, and rejecting others as untrue, are in number upwards of forty.*

He afterwards speaks of the Hopkinsians, and explains the points in which they differ from the Calvinists—of the Methodists, the Baptists—of Armenians and his followers, and their belief—of the Unitarians, the Universalists, the Swedenborgians, &c.

In the conclusion, he makes some remarks upon the diversity of human opinions, in religious matters, as elegant as they are just, comparing the various faiths of christians to many striking analogies in nature. Our limits will not allow us now to make any farther extracts from this Discourse, but we recommend to all our readers to purchase a copy of it for their own benefit and that of their friends.—We add the following memoranda concerning the Westminster assembly of Divines, found among the Notes to this Discourse :

Many Christians attach an undue veneration to the Assembly's Catechism, as though it were of authority almost if not quite equal to the Bible. This veneration would certainly not be increased, were they acquainted with several facts and circumstances relating to it.

In a work now extant in Harvard College library, entitled *'The late Assembly of Divines' Confession of Faith* examined, as it was presented by them unto the Parliament, wherein many of their excesses and defects, of their confusion, and disorders, of their errors and contradictions, are presented both themselves and others—by W. Parker—London, 1651" (12 mo;) we are told that—in his Majesty's Proclamation of June 22, 1643, the far greatest part of them are said to be "men of no learning or reputation: and no set of clergy (says Dr. Grey) ever deserved it more."

Lord Clarendon, in his *History*, vol. 1. p. 530, has the following assertion—"About twenty of them were reverend and worthy persons, and episcopal in their judgments; but as to the remainder, they were but pretenders in divinity: some were infamous in their lives and conversations, and most of them of very mean parts and learning, if not of scandalous ignorance, and of no other reputation than that of malice to the Church of England."

"The original records of the Assembly, in Dr. Williams' library, London, (says a reverend and respected friend) which I have seen, only serve to show that they had many debates, found it difficult to decide upon a measure, or agree upon an opinion, and perhaps were seldom unanimous. When these difficulties were most realized, and lamented by them, they proposed a *day of General Fasting and Prayer* for divine direction; and petitioned the two Houses of Parliament to appoint one—upon which petition Bishop Kennet passes the following censure:—"Impartially speaking, it is stuffed with schism, sedition, and cruelty." One of the members describes the day of fasting itself in the following terms:—"This day was the best that I have seen since I came to England.—We spent from nine to five very graciously. After Dr. Twisse had begun with a very brief prayer, Mr. Marshall prayed *large two hours*, most divinely confessing the sins of the members of the Assembly, in a wonderful, pathetic, and prudent way; after Mr. Arrowsmith preached *an hour*; then a psalm; thereafter Mr. Vines prayed *nearly two hours*, and Mr. Palmer preached *an hour*, and Mr. Seaman prayed *two hours*; then a psalm. After which Mr. Henderson brought them to a sweet conference of the *heat confessed in the Assembly, and other seen faults to be remedied, and the conveniency to preach against all sects, especially Anabaptists and Antinomians*. Dr. Twisse closed with a short prayer and blessing. God was so evident in all this exercise, that we expect certainly a blessing both in our matters of assembly and whole king-

*See Worcester's Appeal.

dom."—See *Letters and Journals of Rev. ROBERT BAYLEY*, Vol. II. p. 13.

In referring to these censures of this Reverend Assembly, we must make all proper allowances for the prejudices of their writers.

Ceremony of Coronation in the East.

Nathaniel answered and saith unto him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the king of Israel. John i. 49.

It appears from the records of ancient history—from the writings of Josephus among the Jews, and from those of Suetonius, Tacitus and others, among the Romans, that a general expectation prevailed throughout the East, that some person of distinction from Judea was destined to obtain the empire of the world, about the time that our Saviour appeared upon earth. This expectation was unquestionably founded on the predictions contained in the Old Testament. Suetonius says it was borrowed from 'the books of the fates;' Tacitus, that 'it was mentioned in the ancient writings of the priests,' and Josephus, that it derived its authority from 'an ambiguous oracle, found in our sacred writings.' But those who entertained any expectations that Christ should appear as a temporal prince, had embraced very false ideas of his mission and character. They were, however, in a great measure induced by this mistaken hope to overlook the office which he was to discharge as a spiritual ruler in Israel. In this way he was far more honored and exalted than he could have been by any of those ceremonies which were practiced upon the coronation of the kings of the East. The following account of a ceremony of this kind, given by Mr. Bruce, serves to shew on what objects the minds of the Jews and Abyssinians were most intent.

He says, "that it was on the 18th of March, (according to the Abyssinian account, the day of our Saviour's first coming to Jerusalem) that this festival began. The king's army consisted of 30,000 men. All the great officers, all the officers of state, and the court, then present, were every one dressed in the richest and gayest manner; nor was the other sex behind hand in the splendour of their appearance. The king, dressed in crimson damask, with a great chain of gold round his neck, his head bare, mounted upon a horse richly caparisoned, advanced at the head of his nobility, passed the outer court, and came to the paved way before the church. Here he was met by a number of young girls, daughters of the unbareds, or supreme judges, together with many noble virgins standing on the right and the left of the court. Two of the noblest of these held in their hands a crimson cord of silk, somewhat thicker than a common whip-cord, but of a looser texture, stretched across from one company to another, as if to shut up the road by which the king was approaching to the church. When this cord was prepared, and drawn tight about breast high by the girls, the king entered, advancing at a moderate pace, curvetting, and shewing the management of his horse. He was stopped by the tension of this string, while the damsels on each side, asking who he was, were answered, 'I am your king, the king of Ethiopia.' To which they replied with one voice, 'you shall not pass, you are not our king.' The king then retires some paces, and presents himself as to pass, and the cord is again drawn across his way by the young women, so as to prevent him, and the question repeated, 'Who are you?' The king answered, 'I am your king, the king of Israel;' but the damsels resolved, even on this second attack, not to surrender but upon their own terms. They again answer, 'You shall not pass, you are not our king.' The third time, after retiring, the king advances with a face and air more determined, and the cruel vir-

gins again presented the cord, and asked, 'who he is?' He answers, 'I am your king, the king of Sion,' and drawing his sword, cuts the silk cord asunder. Immediately upon this, the young women say, 'It is a truth, you are our king, you are the king of Sion.' Upon which they begin to sing Hallelujah, and in this they are joined by the court and army upon the plain; fire arms are discharged; drums and trumpets sound, and the king, amidst these acclamations and rejoicings, advances to the foot of the stairs of the church, where he dismounts, and there sits down upon a stone, which, by its remains, apparently was an altar of Anubis, or the dog-star. At his feet there is a large slab of free-stone, on which is an inscription. The king is first anointed, then crowned, and is accompanied half way up the steps by the singing priests, called dipteras, chaunting psalms and hymns: here he stops at a hole made for the purpose in one of the steps, and is thus fumigated with incense and myrrh, aloes and cassia. Divine service is then celebrated, and after receiving the sacrament, he returns to the camp, where fourteen days are regularly spent in feasting, and all manner of rejoicing, and military exercises.

[*Travels*, Vol. 2, p. 278.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news."
[*Young*.

Nothing can conduce more to the improvement of the morals of youth than frequent communion with past hours. On investigation it will be found, that persons who are in the habit of reflecting seldom commit the same fault twice; and it is believed, that very few men are so heedless or so depraved that they cannot be benefitted by a view of *past hours*. If mankind in general would spend more time in reviewing the past, and less in anticipating the future, much good would result from it. By making the memory a kind of note book; and by writing thereon the transactions of the day, the possessor is enabled, in the tranquil hours of night, to revise the work, and make such corrections as his sober judgment may dictate. With this day's work before his eyes, he may resolve to 'turn over a new leaf,' and present a more perfect page on the morrow. Let youth of both sexes adopt this plan—let them prosecute it with care and impartiality—let them use a faithful pencil—and the time will soon arrive when they will not be ashamed to ask their past hours *what report they have borne to heaven*. MENTOR.

UNITARIANS AT MADRAS.

A small society of Unitarians has for some time existed at Madras. The leader of this society, as some of our readers may remember to have been informed, is William Roberts, a native of that country. This truly excellent man has been for a great number of years earnestly engaged in promoting the moral and religious improvement of his countrymen. Though he has met with many obstacles and discouragements, yet he still perseveres in his benevolent work. He speaks encouragingly, though modestly, of the success of his exertions. Besides a respectable number of natives, there has been an addition to their society from among the Roman Catholics. Of one of these converts, William Roberts speaks in high terms of commendation. His name is Anthony Maliapah. He is at present instructing a school, and is very earnestly engaged in preparing himself for the office of a religious teacher. Roberts

speaks of Anthony as his probable successor, and recommends him to the notice of the English Unitarian Association, who have interested themselves in the welfare and success of the society at Madras. Roberts is now fifty-five years old, and is considerably infirm; and having a family consisting of a wife and six children, dependent upon him, he is unable, without some foreign aid, to devote himself so entirely to the duties of his situation as teacher, as the circumstances of the society demand. He states that five pounds per month would support his family, and leave him so free of care that he could devote himself exclusively to his duties as teacher. Some aid has formerly been afforded him by the English Unitarians, and it is hoped that something will continue to be done by them to countenance and strengthen him in his judicious and truly benevolent labors.—*Ch. Reg.*

He that pretends to Godliness, and turns aside to crooked ways is an hypocrite; for those that are really godly do live in a way of obedience. If a man live in an evil way, he is not subject to God's authority, but lives in rebellion; and that will take off his pleas, and at once cut off all his pretences; and he will be condemned in the day of judgment! one way of sin is exception enough against a man's salvation: though the sin he lives in be but small. If a man lives in small sins, that shows he has no love to God. Little sins are of a damning nature as well as great; if they do not deserve so much punishment as greater, yet they do deserve damnation. There is a great contempt of the authority of God in every wilful sin.

STODDARD.

Christian Philanthropist.

NEW-BEDFORD, MAY 6, 1823.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

VARIETY.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

WHEN I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival-wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

ADDISON.

Bolinbroke, while he was a Minister of State, persecuted the Dissenters for the good of the Church; and afterwards wrote books, for the good of Religion. So he often assures us; and so the hangman said to a young prince (Don Carlos) when he was going to strangle him, 'Pray, my Lord, be quiet; it is all for your good.' The comparison suits, if the story be true.

'I am absolutely afraid,' said the Duke of Buckingham to Sir Robert Vinet, 'I am absolutely afraid that I shall die a beggar.' 'At the rate you go on,' replied Sir Robert, 'I am afraid it will be worse—I am afraid you will live one.'

Nine tenths of the happiness of mankind depends on their being contented in the situation for which the God of Nature has designed them. He who employs his head, is not so happy as he who employs his hands without mental anxiety. The thought of this ought to check improper ambition.

When a native of Scotland sat on the British throne, not being acquainted with the English language, a tutor, was appointed to attend his Majesty, to correct any inaccuracies he might fall into. One fine season, on a hunting party, the king observed to the tutor—"I have excellent sport this morning."—"There, may it please your Majesty," said the tutor, "you are incorrect in your expression; you should not have said I, but We have excellent sport," &c. The king received the correction very kindly.—Shortly after, his Majesty was seized of an excruciating tooth-ache, and determined to profit by his instruction, said, complaining to his tutor, "We have got a severe tooth-ache."—"Here," interrupted the linguist, "your Majesty is again incorrect—you should have said, I have a severe tooth-ach, and not We." "Very well," rejoined the monarch, "I see how it is, when PLEASURE is the subject, it is We are to share it; but when PAIN is to be endured, I only am to suffer it."

With respect to courage, the author of *L'Apologie de beau Sexe*, relates a story which has seldom been equalled by man.

"A servant girl of Lisle, remarkable for her fearless disposition, laid a wager that she would go into a charnel-house, at midnight, without a light, and bring from thence a dead man's skull. Accordingly, at the time appointed, she went; but the person with whom she made the bet, intending to terrify her, had gone before and hid himself in the place. When he heard her descend and take up the skull, he called out in a hollow dismal voice, "Leave me my head!" The girl, instead of feeling any symptoms of horror or fright, very coolly laid it down, and said, "Well, there it is then!" And took up another; upon which the voice again repeated, "Leave me my head!" But the heroic girl, observing that it was the same voice which had called before, answered in her country dialect, "Nea, nea, friend, yo' cannot ha' two heads!"

In the war carried on by Louis XIth of France, against the Venetians, the town of Brescia, being taken by storm, and abandoned to the soldiers, suffered for seven days all the distresses of cruelty and avarice. No house escaped except that where Chevalier Bayard was lodged. At his entrance, the mistress, a woman of rank, fell at his feet, and deeply sobbing, 'Oh! my Lord, save my life, save the honor of my daughters.' 'Take courage, Madam,' said the Chevalier, 'your life, and their honor shall be secure while I have life.' The two daughters, brought from their hiding-place, were presented to him; and the family, re-united, bestowed their whole attention on their deliverer. A dangerous wound he had received, gave them opportunity to express their zeal: they employed a notable surgeon; they attended him by turn day and night; and when he could bear to be amused, they entertained him with concerts of music. Upon the day fixed for his departure, the mother said to him, 'To your goodness, my lord, we owe our lives; and to you all we have belongs by right of war: but we hope from your signal benevolence, that this slight tribute will content you;' placing upon the table an iron coffer full of money. 'What is the sum?' said the Chevalier. 'My lord,' answered she, trembling, 'no more; but 2500 ducats, all that we have; but if more be

necessary, we will try our friends.'—"Madam," said he, 'your kindness is more precious in my eyes than a hundred thousand ducats; take back your money, and depend always on me.'—"My good lord, you kill me in refusing this small sum: take it only as a mark of your friendship to my family." "Well," said he, 'since it will oblige you, I take the money; but give me the satisfaction of bidding adieu to your amiable daughters.' They came to him with looks of regard and affection. "Ladies," said he, 'the impression you have made on my heart, will never wear out. What return to make I know not, for men of my profession are seldom opulent, but here are 2500 ducats of which the generosity of your mother has given me the disposal. Accept them as a marriage present, and may your happiness in marriage equal your merit.' "Flower of chivalry," cried the mother, 'May the God who suffered death for us, reward you here and hereafter.'

A Mutual Ecclesiastical Council will convene in this place to-morrow, at 10 o'clock, A. M. at the house of Rev. JONATHAN WHITAKER, for the purpose of advising on the propriety of granting him a dismission from his pastoral relation to the first Congregational Church and Society in New-Bedford. Mr. Whitaker particularly requests the Subscribers to his support to be present on the occasion, as the Council may wish to communicate with them.

The following gentlemen have been chosen members of the State Legislature from this place for the present year:

Hon. THOMAS ROTCH,
LEMUEL WILLIAMS, JUN. } Esquires.
JOHN A. PARKER,
WILLIAM HATHAWAY. }

Medical Newspaper.—The first No. of a weekly periodical work called the *Boston Medical Intelligencer*, was published on Tuesday, by R. M. Peck. It is edited by J. V. C. Smith, M. D. Lecturer on Anatomy at the Berkshire Medical Institution.—The following paragraph is from the Publisher's Advertisement:—

"It is the object of this paper to give opportunity of communicating without delay histories of recent cases, developing the character of prevalent diseases; to furnish seasonable information on subjects which regard public health; and to present the reader with a variety of miscellaneous matter, on subjects relating to medicine, that many times is withheld from the public in general, in consequence of the scarcity of the works from which they are obtained."—*Ch. Reg.*

Nathaniel A. Haven, jun. Esq. has been appointed to deliver the Address, and Oliver W. B. Peabody, Esq. of Exeter, the Poem, at the celebration of "the completion of the two hundredth year from the first settlement of New-Hampshire," which will take place in Portsmouth on Wednesday, the 28th day of May next.

Mr. Davis, of Philadelphia, is completing a Diving Bell, for the purpose of fishing up the money lost in the Hussar Frigate, which was sunk near Hurl Gate, during the revolution. The amount lost is a million of dollars, and was placed in the run of that vessel.

M. de Châteauneuf shewed a very forward mind. When he was only nine years old, a bishop, thinking to puzzle him, said to him, 'Tell me where God is, my child, and I will give you an orange.' "My lord, replied the child, tell me where he is not, and I will give you two."

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. WHITAKER.—The history of French literature affords many instances of petty contests existing between rival wits, poets and philosophers.—I have lately perused a volume, entitled, "Historical and Critical Memoirs of the Life and Writings of M. De Voltaire," in which I find many interesting things which cannot fail to interest the readers of your literary department. I shall make some extracts from this work in the course of this article, touching the controversies of this great man and the celebrated J. B. Rousseau.

Allow me, however, to premise a remark or two respecting the study of French Literature.—It is with pleasure that I have noticed a growing attention paid to it within the last half century, especially by the fair sex. If the observation of the Emperor Charles Vth, that "As many languages as a person knows, so many times he is a man," be correct, the ladies have reason to pride themselves on this addition to their education, as they may thus contest the palm of intellect with the stronger sex. Of the two languages, the Latin and the French, I prefer that ladies should learn the French. French works are written in a lighter, and more polite style, and better adapted to their genius than the Latin. They record the annals of chivalry, and in the drama, in pathetic writing, and in works of imagination, far surpass any thing ever produced by the ancients. Therefore let young ladies study them. They sufficiently flatter their charms, for they make the empire of woman despotic and supreme.—But to my work.

From the most cordial friends, Rousseau and Voltaire became the most bitter and implacable enemies. The flame of genius was unhappily discoloured by malignity! The following severe passage is copied from a letter of the former, written to a friend soon after the quarrel:

"Should I describe a conceited fop, pillaging all the authors he met with, and then decrying them, in hopes to prevent others from reading them, and so discovering his thefts; should I exhibit the same man endeavouring to conceal the most profound ignorance under the pride of pedantry, and manifesting, even in his gait and gesture, all the absurdities of a madman, displaying all the cashness which, beginning in insolence, always terminates in meanness: in short, one given up to the utmost extravagance of sentiments and conduct, sometimes cloathing religion in the garb of impiety, and at others, investing impiety in the robes of religion; would M. de Voltaire think himself obliged to any one who should say, this must certainly have been intended for your portrait?"

In Voltaire's answer to the letter, of which the foregoing passage is an extract, he indulges in a strain of cutting satire, seldom if ever equalled. I copy a few passages as a specimen.

"A simple kind of man, by name Rousseau, has printed a long letter relative to me, in which, luckily for me, there is nothing but slander, and, unluckily for himself, not the least resemblance of wit. The reason why this piece is so very bad, is, that it is entirely his own."

Speaking of Rousseau's want of historical knowledge, he says,

"But we must permit a mere rhimer to be a little ignorant."

"We, sometimes, find people who understand but very indifferently an occupation they have followed all their lives. It is remarkable, that Rousseau knows not even how to slander."

"He has heard it said, hypocrisy is necessary,

if we wish to triumph over our enemies: and I grant he had recourse to this admirable expedient.

Inur'd to affronts Rousseau had been
With groans and catcalls, chased the scene;
From Paris was, with cudgels, driven;
'Mong Germans, then, to be forgiv'n,
And act the devotee, he ran:
He could not act the honest man.

But to act the devotee, is not sufficient to do mischief; some address is necessary. God be thanked, Rousseau's incapacity is equal to his hypocrisy: without this counterpoise he had been dangerous indeed."

It seems that Rousseau's father was a shoemaker, and made shoes for Voltaire's father. This circumstance was frequently mentioned in a reproachful manner by Voltaire, in his quarrels with Rousseau. In the letter above mentioned, the following abusive passage occurs:

"Rousseau is much in the wrong to wish ill of me; for, exclusive of the connexion which exists between my father and his, I have at present a *valet de chambre* who is his kinsman, and a very honest fellow. This poor lad very often asks my pardon for the paltry verses of his relation."

It is very certain, that, as soon as he began to study the Newtonian philosophy, he considered himself much superior to Rousseau, whom he very unjustly calls a paltry versifier. "Rousseau," said he, "despises me, because I sometimes neglect rhyme, and I despise him because he knows nothing but to rhyme."

Voltaire, indeed, could not pardon verses which did not rise above mediocrity; he preferred prose to such compositions; but no person was more delighted with poetry truly excellent. He was lavish in eulogiums on Racine, and there is no doubt but his praises of that elegant and harmonious poet, the Virgil of France, were really sincere.

When he was asked to write a commentary on Racine, as he had done on Corneille, "What would you have me remark?" said he. I could only write at the bottom of every page, exquisite! beautiful! pathetic!"

Voltaire looked on Racine as the model for poetical, and Massillon, for prose writers. On the table near his bed, *Athalie* always lay by the side of the *Petit Careme*.

A young scholar, having one day spoken slightly of Boileau and Racine, in the presence of Voltaire, "Softly, young man," said he, "John and Nicholas are our masters; let us respect them and endeavour to imitate their beauties." The young man, endeavouring to support what he had said by quoting the opinion of an academician, suspected of not much admiring those two great poets, "Pshaw," replied Voltaire, "his verses are the highest panegyric upon theirs."

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

MY SHOP WINDOW.

It was a pleasant day, and I had seated myself at my front window. At first I had no particular object in view. But attentively observing the countenances of those who passed by, I was struck with the astonishing diversity of feature, figure and dress with which I was presented. "If," said I, musing, "I could contrive some method to detain these people a few minutes at my window, I could sketch a curious group, exceeding perhaps, the most complicated mixture, ever delineated by Hogarth." I was so well pleased with the idea, that I immediately hunted up an old caricature, and fastened it against the window. This was my gull trap, Mr. Editor; and I assure you, it was not set in vain; for vast numbers were caught by it, and their heads taken off, not as by a guillotine, after the French fashion—but merely sketched with a crayon.

A countenance full of wisdom, first presented itself. Indeed, the owl, the celebrated bird of wisdom, placed by the side of this man, would have appeared like a simple fool. And then he had such a pompous strut, and such an air of self conceit, that I put him down without hesitation as some troublesome dependant who had been put into a petty office to give him consequence and bread.

He was followed by one much younger, with not a jot less wisdom or pomposity. This was a supercilious fellow, who had such a habit of turning up his nose at every thing around him, that one could hardly refrain from asking at what price he valued his name.

The next was a pretty sensible old gentleman, but every muscle in his face was distorted by his extraordinary peevishness, and moroseness. This man, thought I, is angry if others know less than himself, and he is more angry still, if they pretend to know as much. Thus has he always sufficient food for his spleen. If his thoughts or deeds were half as bad as his words, he would be the most vicious man on earth.

The next was a plain dressed man; but the brim of his hat was so large that I could not get a peep at his face.

Next came a consequential character. He was employed in whittling a pine stick! And though his phiz wore every sign of stupidity, still the most superficial observer could read in it—I will not be disputed. Clothe this man, said I, in "a little brief authority," and his conduct would be insufferable. He would want even the elements (particularly air and water) to submit to his control.

Then came a lump of magisterial dullness; but all his dignity lay, not in his face, but in something—above his head.

The next was a knowing, cunning old fellow. He had such a habit of screwing up his face, blinking, and looking wise, that one could hardly refrain from thinking of a baboon.

Then came a coxcombical chap, who passes (as French crowns formerly did) for more than he is worth.

Mr. Editor, your paper is not large enough to mention half the sketches obtained in this way.—But I hate tediousness—So, Adieu.

PETER PALLET.

A Greek manuscript, being a deed of sale drawn in the Thebais has been brought from Egypt to Europe. Its date corresponds to the year 113 before Christ, and it is sixteen feet six inches long, and seven inches in breadth, which is proof enough that Greek lawyers were as wordy in their conveyances as any of the modern gentlemen of the robe.

MARRIED.

In this town, on Thursday last, at the Friends' meeting-house, Mr. CHARLES H. SWAIN to Miss ALICE H. BRAYTON, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Brayton.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. ELISHA PARKER, to Miss SARAH THACHER.

In Middleborough, 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kimball, Capt. FREDERICK DIMMICK, of Sandwich, to Miss RHODA HALL, of the former place.

In Taunton, Mr. Nathaniel Newcomb, of Norton, to Miss Betsey Lincoln, daughter of Gen. Thomas Lincoln, of Taunton.

In Boston, Jeremiah Tinkham, of Middleborough, to Miss Abigail Major, of Boston.

DIED.

In Dartmouth, Mrs Hannah Brown, aged about 50, widow of Mr. Collins Brown.

In Rochester, 12th ult. Doct. SAMUEL COBB, aged 34—Widow DOROTHY CLAGHORN, aged 55—Widow BATHSHEBA RANDALL, aged 75—Miss DRUSILLA HASKELL, aged 35.

In Middleborough, 12th ult. Mr. MOSES ROBBINS, aged 84.

In Nantucket, Capt. Lot Cottle, aged 70.